MYSTERY OF GRAMERCY PARK

A great crowd surged around the house in Gramercy Park; a curious, vulgar, unkempt crowd for that well-bred neighborhood. Two policemen guarded the ponderous oak doors, while a third, at the foot of the marble steps, tried to persuade the people to disperse. But all to no purpose, since the crowd was American, and the city New York, where the majority has its say.

It was the latter part of a day in March; a windy, blustering day, with now and then a dash of cold rain. But the crowd heeded neither wind nor rain, patiently holding its ground, in quivering excitement. For a terrible murder had been committed-the murder of a young and beautiful woman, the wife of Hamilton King.

The gaping crowd received this announcement with the awe, and at the same time, it must be confessed, with the satisfaction which ever pervades the breast of the lowly when face to face with great misfortune in the homes of those far, far above them.

"Him of the horns and hoofs gets a dig even at them as lives in brownstone fronts." suggested one, with a sardonic grin.

"Mebbe it don't count; but my wife died know the lack of wittles," responded another, screwing his eye into a corner.
"I reckon we're all about the same after the sort o' medicine she's been a-takin' in there." shouted a red-headed woman, tossing her thumb over her shoulder. "Silks and laces don't butter no such parsnips as cold lead, I reckon." The hoarse laugh which followed this

sally suddenly died away. A hush fell on the motley assemblage. The great door swung back. Between two policemen a man descended the steps. A carriage crushed its way through the crowd in readiness for the three. The prisoner was a man of commanding neight, with dark hair slightly touched with gray. His age might have been a little under forty. He was deathly

With one accord they all made a dash for the retreating carriage, but the horses

Some months before, Hamilton King, an able lawyer of the city, and a bachelor, living with his mother in Gramercy Park, had married a lovely girl from Baltimore, and brought her to the old home. Apparently, the two had lived together in perfect harmony and trust. The man seemed to be quite as fond a husband as be had been a son, the relation between the mother and her only child being one pecultarly tender and close.

Friends sometimes wondered how the mother would bear the innovation of a wife, where hitherto she had reigned supreme, but a mother's love is ever equal to any sacrifice for the happiness of her child. In this particular case the bride proved all that could be desired; a flood of sunshine in the house, where before there perhaps had been a suspicion of gloom, since the elder Mrs. King was a woman of rigid piety. The son had never realized this touch of austerity in the air, because he had so loved his mother, and she so idolized him, but it was nevertheless true that the fair young Southern woman had wonderfully sweetened his life. A mother's love is dear, but even to the best of men what is there like the love of wife in those first days of union, when the veriest

prose becomes sweetest poetry and each moment is surrounded by a halo! At the time of her terrible death young Mrs. King had been almost five months a married woman. The murder occurred about an hour after lunch, when the wife had retired to her room for a little sleep, and the servants were having their mid-day meal below stairs. Because of considerable hilarity at this meal, mingled with the clatter of dishes, none of the servants had heard the two pistol shots which caused their mistress' death. The elder Mrs. King happened to be, at the time, in a store-room on the fourth floor, where she was packing some costly furs in camphor. Being in a dark interior room, and also slightly deaf, she had heard no sound, realizing what had happened only when neighbors banged at the front door and servants ran screaming

through the halls. The murdered woman was found lying on her bed, clad only in a silken gown, and apparently had been asleep when she met her fate. Beside her lay a revolver, with two chambers empty. One ball had pene-trated some great artery near the heart, the other had fairly shattered the upper part of the head. Both shots had been fired at very close range, and the injury done to the beautifur young body was something frightful. The lace-trimmed robe, the pillows, the bed clothing, everything was seaked with blood. Though the revolver had been left in a position which suggested that it might have fallen from the hand, the nature of the wounds was such as to preclude the possibility of suicide. In this all the learned doctors concurred, when later their opinion was required.

There was no attempt at robbery. It was conclusively proved that for at least fifty minutes no servant had left the kitchen. The last person who saw the woman alive was her maid, who took from her hand ome sables, which she carried up to the elder Mrs. King on the fourth floor. After leaving the furs the maid went down to the basement, and, like her companions, heard no sound till many feet rushed to the front door.

All this was discovered at the informal investigation held almost immediately over the dead body. But a little later there developed another aspect to the affair which promised to shake society to its fundament. Mr. King was not in the babit of coming home between breakfast at 9 o'clock and dinner at 7. Yet on the day in question the lady who occupied the adjoining dwelling and was the first to suspect a tragedy testified that she saw him enter his house about 2 o'clock. It was perhaps three-quarters of an hour after this that she heard the pistol shots, which induced her and a number of others to rush up the steps and give the

When the husband arrived, summoned from court by officers of justice, he went straight to the bed, composed, but rigid as the form upon which he gazed, white as the dead woman before him. A deep groan escaped his lips, and for a moment he seemed about to fall, when his mother, scarcely less palid than he, came up to him. keeping tight hold of his hands, she led him away from the bed, and said in broken

"Be brave, dear son! The good God watches over us. He will not put upon us a greater strain than we can bear." Later, testifying in his own behalf, Mr. King explained that he did, contrary to his custom, go home that day, to get an important document, the whereabouts of which he alone knew. He said that his wife was about taking a nap; that he had only time to say a few words to her, as he was in great haste, departing less than fifteen minutes ater he entered. He let himself in with his own key, and saw nobody but his wife, it being the hour of the servants' lunch. Questioned, he answered that his brief interview with his wife had been entirely amicable; that he had left her with a kiss upon his lips. The revolver he had never seen before, though he had several of his own. He was expert

the use of them. Ying left his house under arrest, and there was a long trial in court. The skill of lawyers was tested to its utmost; witnesses were badgered till they wished themselves dead; the jury went through the usual purgatory of harassment and doubt; the judge preserved the usual im-penetrable calm. Heaven help those unfortunates who become entangled in our

Perhaps the most dramatic, and in some respects an important, incident of the trial. was the not unnatural agitation manifested by the prisoner's unhappy mother. Swathed in black, white to her very lips, she was forced into the witness-box, compelled to answer questions, compelled to cast suspicion upon her son. Though she never once betrayed herself, though she parried every question with the skill of a casuist, yet she left a doubt in the minds of many. Her evidence, or rather lack of evidence, was felt to be one point gained for the

"Did you see or hear nothing unusual during that fatal hour?" the lawyer proceeded. fixing upon her his glittering eye-an eye more like the point of steel than a thing of fessor was by her side. They told her she sworn on that book, which you of all women profoundly respect, to tell the whole truth. Did you see or hear nothing to ex
When she next opened her eyes her confessor was by her side. They told her she could not live. Whatever she wished to say must be said quickly. Then she spoke in a harsh whisper.

"Yos, I did it," she began. "I killed her believe in her, is to be avoided."

plain that awful sight which subsequently met your eyes?"
"Nothing," she answered, but she quailed. "You heard no sound?"

"I am slightly deaf," she replied, looking "The young wife lies asleep on her bed. You are busy in an upper room. Suddenly two pistol-shots ring out into the air. The woman lies bathed in her own life's-blood. Do you mean to say that you, who can distinctly hear these questions I ask you in this low tone, were oblivious of those shots which aroused the whole neighborhood? Think not of saving from fit punishment one in whose veins runs your blood. Think only of that day when every false word shall tell heavily against you. Now, did you

hear or see nothing!" All eagerly bent forward to catch the rely. Through the crowded room the soft ticking of a French clock could be distinctly heard. The woman stretched out her hands blindly.

"Air! More air! Give me air!" she cried, and fell back in a faint. But in spite of numberless predictions to the contrary, the long trial ended in the acquittal of the suspected husband. The evidence was so purely circumstantial, the relation between himself and the deceased so tender, the crime seemingly so motiveless, that the jury did not feel justified in convicting. An attempt was made to show that the incentive was jealousy, that a former lover of the wife had recently appeared, but the statement was not verified.

Not so lenient as the jury proved the world. From that day Hamilton King was a ruined man, in the estimation of society, in the estimation of his closest friends. His law practice did not perceptibly suffer, since his talents were such as could not well be spared, but socially he was ostracised. In the old home he still lived, and with his faithful mother by his side, but he had lost all that makes lite dear. His heart seemed closed even against his mother, though she strove so pitifully to bring a smile to his eyes again. To her, as to others, he spoke rarely, and the name of his young wife

never passed his lips. But the days went on, and in time a few families began to relent, at least toward the mother. They watched her whitening hair, the ageing face, which, even at sixty, had been noticeably fair, the dimming been a little under forty. He was deathly pale.
"Thunder and lightning! That's the husband! That's King himself!" proclaimed a cluded her in all civilities she would accept, but the hospitalities were of such a nature that there could be no question of the presence of her son. In a certain hesitating, reserved, even haughty way, the mother slightly touched hands with her world again.

Only two persons came to the house with any degree of intimacy. One was Mrs. King's pastor, a high churchman of the most pronounced type, who called himself "priest," and assumed toward his parishioners the attitude of a Roman Catholic "father." This ritualistic gentleman was one of those who firmly believed in Hamilton King's guilt; and before his candle-lighted altar, to the accomthe lawyer's soul. Once there had dropped from his lips a hint to the effect that the church stood ready to welcome even the red-handed, if repentant, but the dull resentment in the mother's fathomless eyes had convinced him that the subject was a dangerous one. The refined lady of civilization, equally with the tigress of the African jungle, permits none to attack her

The other inmate of the house was the family physician, a man intellectually brilliant and strong, but lacking in senti-ment. As society gradually dropped away, Dr. Trent's interest in the stricken household seemed only to increase, until at last he became almost a member of the family. Few evenings passed that did not find him either chatting pleasantly with Mrs. King at dinner, or dreaming over a cigar with Hamilton in the library. Out of scores of so-called friends, this man alone proved

stanch and true. Yet, his sentiments were not altogether altruistic. Saddened faces appealed less to his sensibilities than a scientific problem. He was possessed with the desire to discover, beyond possibility of doubt, the slayer of young Mrs. King. In his head there was a certain theory, and this theory he determined to pursue to the bitter end, involving, as it did, important principles

in psychology. "If I don't beat Pinkerton out of his boots," he said to himself, "I'll give away my practice to the first beggar who applies. The idea of setting these cunning but narrow-minded burglar-catchers on such a case as this, where the mechanism is as delicate as that of the human brain itself! It's like asking an oyster-opener to success-

fully remove an ovarian tumor."

It was a bitterly cold night, almost three years after that terrible day in March. The open coal fire in Hamilton King's library glowed with a comfort which the shrill whistle of the wind without only emphasized. Even in the quiet of Gramercy Park—that cases in the babel of New York—the storm reared furiously. The occupants of the two roomy arm-chairs smoked lazily, happy in the sense of escaped evil and congenial companionship. In a sense the relation between these two, the physician and the lawyer, touched closely upon brotherhood. Yet the name of the mur-dered wife had never been uttered by either in the presence of the other.

"Hamilton," said the physician, at last, flicking the ashes from his cigar, "I am about to approach a painful subject to-night—something I have never ventured to do before. You must not be offended." His companion looked up with apprehen-

"It is concerning the murder of your wife," continued the other in calm, gentle, almost paternal tones. "I have never been satisfied with the way that matter was allowed to rest. It should have been probed "Trent, there is a limit to the privileges of friendship. I shall have to ask you to change the subject," King replied, in a

voice that trembled. "But I am certain I have discovered the guilty one," the physician persisted. "It's a curious problem in psychology. I have never been more interested in my life. Has it never occurred to you what the criminal may be?"

King grew visibly paler. His face took on almost an ashen hue. His hands clutched the arms of his chair. "For heaven's sake, desist!" he cried. You have no right to utter such words. cannot bear it."

The physician gazed at him enriously. He regarded the man's distress simply from the professional point of view. He went on, as he would have gone on, in spite of every remonstrance, with an important surgical operation. The present misery was as nothing compared to the future gain. "I do not intend to cease speaking till I have reached a conclusion," he declared, in clear, methodical, well-emphasized words. "As an individual, as husband, son, friend, you must allow yourself to be sacrificed, for the benefit of society. To your prejudiced eyes it may seem desirable that this dreadful deed should be allowed to sink into oblivion. Not so, say I, who think of the good of the many rather than the peace

of the few. He paused a moment, then continued in louder tones: "Besides, there is no peace, whatever you may fancy. Be as silent as the grave, that soul is in torture. Proud beings do not bear red hands with equanimity. Passion

is over, remorse has begun." "What do you mean?" King glared at his companion in sullen, impotent anger. The physician arose from his chair, went to a portiere and looked behind it. Then he came back, went up to the fire and stood still. He gazed at his unhappy friend stead-

"Hamilton," he said, impressively, "you know as well as I who did that foul deed. Your method has been a mistaken one. The guilty soul is on the eve of self-betrayal. Inder this roof, at this very hour, a terrible struggle is going on. Justice shall be dealt at last. The murderess is found!" The click of sliding rings resounded through the room. From behind the portiere came the figure of a woman. Both men started. Her face was whiter than her hair. Her eyes burned like strange lights in a crypt. lier tingers moved with the motion of

writhing snakes. "Mother!" cried King, in terror. "It is as I thought!" exclaimed the physician, quietly, but with satisfaction in his

With arms beating the air, the tall form swayed, then fell to the floor. "Apoplexy!" pronounced the physician, dragging the body to a couch, and irritating the nostrils. "Send instantly for her priest. She will awake only to die."

-I hated her. He loved her better than he did me—I, his mother, who bore him, who worshiped him! I planned and planned till it all came clear. He should be close to my heart again-no soft, tempting, hateful lips between." She sighed heavily. "But it was all a mistake. He has never loved me since though I would crawl on the very earth for his dear sake, though I love him better than my God." Her eyes met those of her priest, but she never faltered. "Since then I have been in hell, but not because of the deed. He would not come back to me-he thrust me from him. It is hard to live-I

am glad to die." The priest pressed forward. He looked in torment. This was an experience quite outside of his softly-cushioned world. His thought demanded action. He slightly

shook the dying form.
"Pray!" he cried. "Beg for mercy! Go
not before your God like this!" She slowly opened her vacant eyes, the life half out of them already. "My God-is-my son!" she answered with labored breath. "Hamilton, kiss my hands! The blood is gone!" But the son recoiled. Not even then could he touch those cruel hands. Her spirit passed away in awful loneliness. "Death is her best friend," Trent said,

closing the staring eyes.

King bowed his head in assent.

"When did you first know the truth?" the physician asked, later, when they were by themselves. "When we met over my wife's dead body," he answered, very quietly, with his hands shading his eyes. Trent paused in amaze. Upon the scaffold the son would have gone sooner than betray his mother. Yet towards this mother his heart was so hard that he shrank

from her as she lay dying. The physician called into requisition a scientific name for that fierce maternal passion which could contemplate murder sooner than resignation. So, also, did he duly label the filial loyalty which would choose death before a mother's dishonor. In truth. he comprehended neither. "There must be insanity in the family!" he murmured. "May Hamilton be the last

> -Helen Bertlett Bridgman. HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A Day in the City.

New York Weekly. Wilton-You didn't stay long at the seashere. Back for the summer? Bilton-No; only come back to get warm. The Proper Recognition.

Smith & Gray's Monthly. Dimmick-I have fallen away to half of my former weight. Kickshaw-Why doesn't Mrs. Dimmick out on half mourning? Not Marriageable.

New York Herald. Figgs-Closefist left his property so that his widow could not marry again. Diggs-How was that? Figgs-He left it all to his son.

Smiley Scores a Point, The Epoch. The haughty Miss McBride-Alas! I fear shall develop into a confirmed invalidwhy, Mr. Basker, where are you going? Smiley Basker (grabbing his hat)-I am going to study medicine.

Obliterating the Line of Duty. New York Sun. "There's a gun now that will shoot five miles," said Hicks. "Great Scott!" said the veteran. "I

there is another war it'll take a brave man to keep away from the front.' A Thought. New York Sun. "It's a blessed good thing," said Mawson, as he gazed on the ocean, "it's a blessed

good thing the ocean's bottom is solid."
"Why?" "Think of what a geyser there'd be or the other side of the earth if it leaked!"

Identification Necessary. Judge. St. Peter (at the gate)-Name, please. Newly-arrived Spirit-David Dukkats. St. Peter (after an inspection of the books)-You were a bank cashier on earth. Spirit-Yes. St. Peter-You may be all right, but you will have to be identified, sir.

She Thought It Strange. New York Press. Clarissa-And young Freshleigh bas pro posed to you? Ethel-He has. Clarissa-Well, it is very strange.

Ethe!-Why is it strange? Clarissa-Well, you see, they have always said that he would be hard to suit. Why Not? Smith & Gray's Monthly.

Johnny Cumso-Papa, what is a bucket shopf Cumso-It is a place where stocks are dealt in on small margins and in small quantities. Johnny Cumso.-Then I suppose the big Stock Exchange is a "barrel" factory,

Burning Questions of the Day. Puck. Assistant-I see the Morning . erve has an editorial called: "Did Patrick Henry Editor-Well, you write one for our tomorrow's edition, and call it, "Would Washington Have Made a Good Tennisplayer?" We've got to keep our end up

New York Press "She is very handsome, and they say she 18 pions, too. tian Endeavor.

"Yes, she belongs to the Society of Chris-"Do you think you have made any impression on her!' "Well, she is tryir : to convert me." "By Jove, you're in luck! She not only wants you for this world, but for the next,"

He Wanted Water. Detroit Free Press.

Strange Man, to lady on the street-Madam, will you please be kind enough to tell me where I can get a drink? "Sir." exclaimed the lady indignantly, " don't know of such a place, and if I did I certainly would not tell you where you could get a drink." "Is water, then, so scarce?" murmured the stranger, as he turned away with tears

in his eyes. A Change in the Family

"E-r-r-r, yas-sum! Me an' Munner an' Bawd Lee an' Hood an' Bartow an' Bee an' Unker Bill-all on us done come up dis mawnin' on de 'skussion, jes' behin de watermillium train. An' Unker Bill he done tuk an'-"Who is Uncle Bill?-Bill Gilbert?"

"E-r-r-r, yas-sum! Unker Bill, you knows "Why, Kate, he's yours and Bob's and Hood's, Bartow's and Bee's father, isn't he?" "E-r-r-, yas-sum! He's our D-a-a-dy; but us calls'um Unker Bill, now, cos Munper's got anudder husbun'.'

The Girl to Be Avoided.

Ladies' Home Journal. She is the girl who takes you off in one corner and tells you things that you wouldn't repeat to your mother. She is the girl who is anxious to have you join a party, which is to be "a dead secret;" and at which, because people are very free and easy, you are uncomfortable and wish you were at home.

She is the girl who tries to induce you. just for fun," to smoke a cigarette, or to take a glass of wine, and you don't know, and possibly she doesn't, that many of the sinners of to-day committed their first sins "just for fun."

She is the girl who persuades you that to stay at home and care and love your own. to help mother and to have your pleasures at home and where the home people can see them, is stupid and tiresome; and that spending the afternoon walking up and down the street, looking at the win-dows and the people, is "just delightful." She is the girl who persuades you that slang is wifty, that a loud dress that attracts attention is "stylish," and that your own simple gowns are dowdy and undesirable. She doesn't know, nor do you, how many women have gone to destruction because of their love for fine clothes.

She is the girl who persuades you that to be on very familiar terms with three or four young men is an evidence of your charms

READING FOR SUNDAY.

The Touch of a Vanished Hand. Oh, why should the world seem strange. With its beauty around me still? And why should the slope of my swarded path Seem suddenly all up hill!

I had gone, with a buoyant step. Eo cheerily on my way; How could I believe so calm a light

Could turn to so chill a gray! And wherefore! Because the hand That held in its clasp my own-

Whose touch was a benediction such As only the blest have known— Was caught by the viewless hand Of an angel, and upward drawn. What hope, what comfert, what guidance now, Since the stay of my life is gone?

"But a stronger is left to thee." Some comforting whisper saith, "The arm that shall carry thee safe to Him When thou crossest the tides of death." If Christ, in his mortal hour,

Had need of the chosen three, To watch with Him through the awful throes Of his dread Gethsemane, Oh, surely His human heart Will pity and understand

That speechless yearning, too deep for words, For the "touch of the vanished hand!" -Margaret J. Preston, in Harper's Bazar. International Sunday-School Lesson for Sept. 13, 1891.

CHRIST AND THE BLIND MAN. (John ix, 1-11; 35-38.) Golden Text.—One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see. (John ix, 2.)

HOME READINGS. M .- Christ and the blind man ... John ix, 1-11. Tu.-Christ and the blind man .. John ix, 35-38. W.—Questionings. John ix, 13-21.
Th.—"One thing I know." John ix, 23-34.
Fri.—Bartimeus. Mark x, 46-52.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES. The Independent. Why men are born to an unhappy lot is not generally ours to know, and we must not be too ready to be positive about it. One whole book in the Bible, Job, is devoted to teaching the lesson the Disciples had not learned, that misfortune is not always the result of sin. The righteous Job suffered by the permission of God, and his three friends would insist that he was being punished. When asked about those on whom the tower of Siloam fell, Jesus repeated the lesson given here, that God has reasons of His own other than men's

sins for sending them misfortunes. That was a nice theological question that the Disciples asked; but Jesus gave them no satisfaction. He did not come to teach theology, but religion.

It is interesting to know how people hap-pened to be sinners, but it is a vastly more important question how we can save them. When the disciples saw the blind man they began to talk theology; when Jesus saw him He began to attend to his cure.

Christ's way is practical religion. It is a fact that men do suffer for their parents' faults. A drunkard's children are unfortunate in many ways, and are even more likely to grow up drankards or thieves. We must not blame God for that, for it is a necessity of things. We must do all we can to remove the occasions and temptations of sin.

Christ was the busiest of men. He was constantly impelled by the obligation of helping people, relieving distresses. With Him to see a distress was to suggest to Him what He could do to relieve it. When we see anything wrong or sad do we immediately think, how can I cure this? or do we simply think, this is bad, and leave it for somebody else to attend to?

It was a blessed favor to His disciples

that Jesus said: "We must work the works of Him that sent me." Jesus makes us His fellow-laborers and gives us work to do in His vineyard. There is no one of us but has His work.

That work we should attend to speedily, while the day of life lasts. We do not know how short it may be, and after that comes the account. Jesus had not tested the faith of the blind man before his offer of healing, and so he

tested it afterward by sending him to work in Siloam. The man must do his part, and not expect God to do it all.

We get a beautiful lesson of exact straightforwardness from this blind man. He told the facts exactly, and added or suppressed nothing, and then was ready. when it was explained to him, to accept Jesus at all hazards. He was a true, honest man, with a clear head and a true heart. Suppose that one does suffer for telling the truth and doing right, no matter. It pays in the long run. The man when healed told the truth, no matter what insults and injuries he received, and he thereby obtained a place-in the kingdom of

God. That pays. To laugh at anybody or insult anybody for doing right or in any way following Jesus Christ, is a wicked thing, and one to be thoroughly ashamed of. If you see one refusing to do wrong when urged then bonor him and do not join with those that mock him. Jesus asked the man when cured to be

his disciple, to believe in Him. That he asks of each of us. Of General Interest.

The anniversaries of the free Baptist

churches are to commence in Hillsdale,

Mich., Oct. 6. It is said that the Moravian Church ends one in every sixty of into the foreign missionary field, and raises \$12 per member for their support. Rev. Dr. John Gillespie, secretary of the Board of Missions of the Presbyterian Church, sailed from San Francisco on Aug.

22 on a tour of inspection around the The famous Cathedral of Jona, it is said, is to be partially renovated by the Duke of Argyl, and handed over to the Established

Church of Scotland (Presbyterian) that services may be held in it occasionally during the tourist season. Dr. Pentecost has decided to resume his evangelistic work in Calcutta next winter. The Calcutta Missionary Conference, at a

recent meeting, expressed its great gratifi-eation at the decision and will extend to him a hearty welcome. Bishop Potter, in a recent address in behalf of New York city missions, said that the Protestant Episcopal Church is preach-

ing the gospel in that city in almost all the tongues of Europe, and in those of China, Armenia, Turkey and Persia. The Diocese of Mackenzie River, extending north from Athabasca to the Polar sea. has been divided so as to give a new diocese, that of Selkirk. The veteran missionary, Bishop Bom-pas, of the Church Mis-

stonary Society, is to have jurisdiction over this most inhospitable and roughest part of British North America. The first meeting of the Icelandic Synod of the Lutheran Church was held a few weeks since at Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can-

ada. The synod has twenty-four congregations and over 5,000 souls. Several new congregations in Minnesota joined this year. A mission has been started in Utah, where there are a number of Icelanders who have been led by deceptive Mornion missionaries. The value of the investments in church property in Brooklyn is estimated by the Standard-Union at nearly \$20,000,000. Of

of the debts resting upon the Protestant churches is about \$3,000,000, and upon the Roman Catholic churches \$1,150,000. The latest translation of the Scriptures issued by the American Bible Society is the work of a colored man, Rev. Mr. Ousley. who was born a slave in the ownership of a brother of Jefferson Davis. The translator and his wife were educated at Oberlin. The language into which he has rendered the synoptical Gospels and the Acts is the Sheetswa, cognate with the Zulu, and spoken by some 250,000 people in southeast-

this vast sum the Protestant churches rep-

resent about \$13,000,000 and the Roman

Catholic about \$7,000,000. The former num-

ber 290 and the latter fifty-eight. The sum

ern Africa. Rev. Kelley Giften, of the Presbyterian Church, says: "I hold to the behef that no advancement can be made beyond that made by the women. Our church has educated the women. There are 2,200 girls in school in Egypt; 1,200 communicants, and more than six hundred can read. The number of girls in school to-day equals the number of all pupils in school ten years ago. The chiefs of the Moslem religion do and fascination, instead of being, as it is, an | not believe in educating the women and outward visible sign of your perfect folly. | girls. We have many girls in our boys' She is the girl who persuades you that it | school, a thing unheard of ten years ago."

Thoughts for the Day: There are no moral blanks; there are no And, of all other, she is the girl who, no neutral characters. We are either the matter how hard she may try to make you sower that sows and corrupts, or the light believe in her, is to be avoided. that splendidly illuminates and the salt

that silently operates; but being dead or alive every man speaks .- Chalmers. The best teacher of duties that still lie dim to us is the practice of those we see

and have at hand .- Thomas Carlyle. The law prepares the heart by conviction and humiliation, but it is only grace that writes the law on it.-Matthew Henry. The coin we use in this world is not current in the other; we must, therefore, go to God as petitioners, and not as purchasers. -Jackson.

Not what we give, but what we share; For the gift without the giver is bare: Who gives himself with his alms feeds three-Himself, his hungry neighbor and me. -- Lowell.

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

To the Memory of ----Deserted is the house of clay, The man within was called away In haste. The lights went out and there Was everlasting peace and air From heaven to bear him o'er the sea

To that sweet lotus land. To Be; And God closed up the palace door Of life, and never, nevermore

Shall pang or pain of any kind Disturb his sleep or, searching, find An entrance through the narrow door That bars the world forevermore.

He fell asleep-the jeweled hand Led to shores of the sweet far land, Where Love could do no more than weep

And softly say, "He is asleep." The kind, the courteous and brave Are wise, and gentle as a wave Of peace when breakers of despair Strew wreck and ruin everywhere.

To love, be merciful and just, Forgive, forbear, be soft of speech-These are things that pure lives teach. -W. P. Needham. A Consolation.

The Good die and we karn to trust.

What would befall us, Love, if Death were dead, If dear old Death, with his benignant face, Were banished from the world, and in his place Stood endless life upon the earth instead? To those who languish, or what tongue could

The deep'ning horrors of the deathless race Thro' hopeless ages darkening overhead? The rising dawns would lose their luster, dear. The soothing shades of evening cease to charm. And even beauty would no longer lure; The fervor of our love from year to year Would fail us, and its fires refuse to warm, Were death not here to bid us still endure.

-James Newton Matthews. Some Day of Days. Some day, some day of days, treading the street
With idle, heedless pace.
Unlooking for such grace,

I shall behold your face. Some day, some day of days, thus may we meet. Perchance the sun may shine from skies of May, Or winter's ley chill Touch lightly vole and hill: What matter! I shall thrill

Once more lite's perfect youth will all come back, And for a moment there I shall stand fresh and fair. And drop the garment care: Once more my perfect youth shall nothing lack. I shut my eyes now, thinking how 't will be, How, face to face, each soul

Through every vein with summer on that day.

Will slip its long control. Forget the dismal dole Of dreary fate's dark separating sea. And glance to glance, and hand to hand in greet

The past, with all its fears,

Its silence and its tears, Its lonely, yearning years, Shall vanish in the moment of that meeting. -Elizabeth Stuart Pheips. Love's Meaning. thought it meant all glad ecstatic things, blood and brain,

Fond glance, and touch, and speech, quick And strong desire, and keen, delicious pain, And beauty's thrall, and strange bewilderings I wixt hope and fear, like to the little stings The rose-thorn gives, and then the utter gain-Worth all my sorest striving to attain-Of the dear bliss long-sought possession gives.

Now, with a sad, clear sight that reassures My often sinking soul, with longing eyes Averted from the path that still allures, Lest, seeing that for which my sore heart sighs, seek my own good at the cost of yours-I know at last that love means sacrifice. -Carlotta Perry.

Achievement. Trust in thine own untried capacity As thou wouldst trust in God himself. Thy soul is but an emanation from the whole. Thou dost not dream what forces lie in thee, Vast and unfathomed as the grandest sea. Thy silent mind o'er diamond caves may roll, Go seek them-but let pilot will control Those passions which thy favoring winds can be.

No man shall place a limit on thy strength: Such triumphs as no mortal evergained May yet be thine if thou wilt but believe In thy Creator and thyself. At length Some feet will tread all heights now unat-

Why not thine own! Press on; achieve! achieve! -Elia Wheeler Wilcox. Inconstancy. Was it something said, Something done. Vexed him! Was it touch of hand, Turn of head! Strange! that very way

Love begun— I as little understand Love's decay. -Robert Browning. Knowledge.

That which we know is sweeter yet. Do we not love the near earth more Than the far heaven! Does not Regret Walk with us always, from the door That shuts behind us, though we leave Not much to make us grievel -Sarah M. B. Platt.

SPEED OF RAILWAY TRAINS. Better Time Made in America than in Europe -Electricity to Supplant Steam.

"There is an item going the rounds of the press again concerning the higher speed of European railroads as compared with those of this country," remarked the traveling auditor of one of Chicago's trunk lines the other night at the Palmer House. "It should be called in. It juggles with the truth. I spent last summer in Europe, and while there I studied the railroad situation pretty thoroughly. The average speed of our pas-senger trains is considerably higher than the average of similar trains in England, Germany, or France. England has two trains and Germany one which make very fast time for comparatively short distances; but all things considered, the European roads are not to be compared with ours for a moment in point of speed, service or safety. The English coaches are much lighter than ours and this should increase their speed; but in point of fact it does not, while the English trains have none of the conveniencies of modern railway travel in this country. The only point where Europe beats us in the railroad business is in having better stations. Within the next twenty-five years the United States will surpass the rest of creation in this regard, too," "Within the next twenty-five years, how-

ever, I expect to see a great revolution in the railway world," added another railway official who had joined the coterism the hotel lobby. "It has long been a hobby of Thomas A. Edison that electricity ultimately will supplant steam as a locomotive power. For several years he has been experimenting in this direction. Only a few years ago electricity as a motive power for street-railways was unknown, but now the electric tramways are scattered throughout the entire civilized world. Great improvements in street-car motors have been made lately, and many of the brightest minds of the world are at work upon still further improvements. Mr. Edison has done more practical work in this line, however, than any other inventor. He has equipped a street railway in a little town not one hundred miles from Chicago with l'uliman vestibule coaches, heavier steel rails than the great trunk lines use, and electric motors that can grind out thirty miles an hour without difficulty. This is an experimental line, and it is a great success from every point of view, except finances. The expenses of operation are too heavy for the traine of the little one-horse town in which it is located. Mr. Edison is now building a one-thousandhorse-power locomotive motor for Henry Villard, and I believe this marks the beginning of a new era in railroading."

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